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10-6-2018

Senior Recital: Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano

Bergen Price

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Senior Recital:

Bergen Price, mezzo-soprano

Oliver Scott, piano and harpsichord

String Ensemble

Reuben Foley, violin

Daniel McCaffrey, violin

Henry Smith, violin

Cassie Harrison, viola

Wren Murray, cello

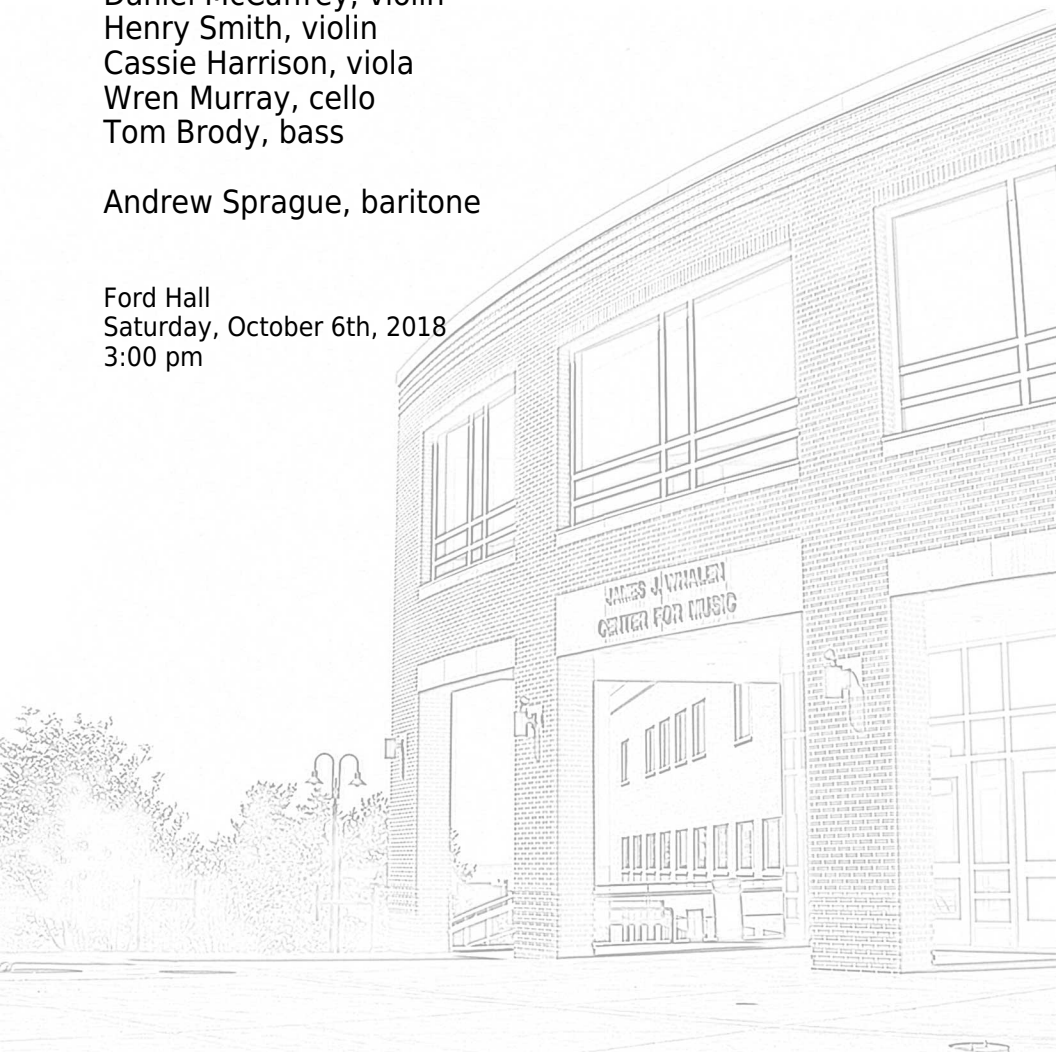
Tom Brody, bass

Andrew Sprague, baritone

Ford Hall

Saturday, October 6th, 2018

3:00 pm



ITHACA COLLEGE

School of Music

Program

La Lucrezia

*O Numi eterni
Già superbo del mio affanno
Ma voi, forse ne cielo
Il suol che preme
Ah! che ancora nell'abisso
Alla salma infidel porga la pena
A voi, a voi padre
Già nel seno comincia compir*

G. F. Handel
(1685-1759)

*Oliver Scott, harpsichord
Reuben Foley, violin I
Daniel McCaffrey, violin II
Henry Smith, violin II
Cassie Harrison, viola
Wren Murray, cello
Tom Brody, bass*

Intermission

"Chacun à son gout"
from *Die Fledermaus*

Johann Strauss II
(1825-1899)

*Chansons de Bilitis
La Flûte de Pan
La Chevelure
Le Tombeau des Nāïades*

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

"First Date/Last Night"
from *Dogfight*

Benj Pasek and Justin Paul
(b. 1985)

Andrew Sprague, baritone

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a
Bride"
from *I Love You, You're Perfect,
Now Change*

Jimmy Roberts and Joe DiPietro
(b. 1952 and b. 1961)

"Moments in the Woods"
from *Into the Woods*

Stephen Sondheim
(b. 1930)

"Stars and the Moon"
from *Songs for a New World*

Jason Robert Brown
(b. 1970)

La Lucrezia

O Numi eterni

O Numi eterni! O stelle, stelle!
che fulminate empìi tiranni,
impugnat a miei voti orridi strali
voi, con focchi tonanti
incennerite il reo Tarquinio e Roma
dalla superba chioma,
o mai, trabocchi il vacillante alloro
s'apra il suolo in voragini,
si celi con memorando esempio
nelle viscere sue l'indegno e l'empio

Oh eternal deities! Oh stars, stars!
who strike down by lightning evil
tyrants,
answer my prayers, grasp your horrible
darts
you, with thundering fires
incinerate the wicked Tarquinis and
Rome
from his proud head of hair,
now, may fall the unsteady laurel
may abysses open up in the earth,
it conceals with memorable example
in the bowels the unworthy one and the
wicked one

Già superbo del mio affanno

Già superbo del mio affanno,
traditor del onor mio
parte l'empio lo sleal

Already proud of my anguish
betrayed of my honor
departs the wicked one, the disloyal
one

Tu punishi il fiero inganno
del fellon, del mostro rio
guisto ciel parka fatal

Just heaven, punish with predestined
death
the cruel deception of the criminal,
the evil monster.

Ma voi, forse ne cielo

Ma voi, forse ne cielo,
per castigo maggior del mio dilito
state oziosi, o provocati Numi
se son sorde le stelle,
se non mio odon le sfere
a voi tremende Deità,
Deità del abisso mi volgo a voi
s'aspetta del trdito onor mio
far la vendetta

But you, perhaps in heaven,
for the chastisement greater of my sin
you remain, oh provoked deities
if the stars are deaf,
if the spheres do not heed me,
then to you, terrible deity,
deity of the abyss, I will turn to you,
I will wait for you to
avenge my betrayed honor.

Il suol che preme

Il suol che preme,
l'aura che spira, l'empio Romano,
s'apra s'infetti

Se il passo move, se il guardo gira,
incontri larve, ruine aspetti.

The ground which he presses,
the air that he breathes, evil Roman,
may itself inflict.

If he walks, if he glances about,
may he meet specters, he may expect
to see ruins.

Ah! che ancor nell'abisso

Ah! che ancor nell'abisso dormon le
furie,
i sdegni e la vendette
Giove dunque per me non ha saete
e pietoso l'inferno?
Ah! ch'io già sono in odio al cielo
ah! dite e se la pena non piomba

sul mio capo a miei rimorsi
è rimorso il poter
di castigarmi

Ah! In the abyss still sleep the Furies,
the wraths, and the vengeance.
Has then Jupiter no arrows for me,
and hell no pity?
Ah! am I now hated by heaven
Ah! tell me and if punishment does not
fall
upon my head at my remorse
and does remorse have the power
to punish me?

Alla salma infidel porga la pena

Alla salma infidel porga la pena.

Give punishment to my disloyal body.

A voi, a voi padre

A voi, padre, consorte, a Roma,
al mondo presento il mio morir;
mi si perdoni il delitto esecrando
ond' io machiai in voluntaria ria il nostro
onor
un' altra più detestabil colpa
di non m'aver uccisa pria misfatto
mi si perdoni.

To you, father, husband, to Rome,
to the world I offer my dying
may I be forgiven for the abominable
crime
by which I unintentionally stained our
honor
and for the other more distainable sin
of not having killed myself sooner
before committing the crime,
may I be forgiven.

Già nel seno comincia compir

Già nel seno comincia a compir
questo ferro i duri uffizii
sento ch'il corsi scuote più dal dolor

di questa caduta invendicata
che dal furor della vicina morte

Ma se qui non m'edato castigar il
tirranno
opprimer l'empio con
più barbara esempio
per ch'ei sen cada estinto
stringerò a danni suoi martal saetta

e furibonda e cruda nell'inferno
farò la mia vendetta

Already in my breast begins to complete
the harsh duties of the sword.

I feel that the heart is shaken more from
the sorrow
of this downfall unavenged
than from the fury of my approaching
death.

But if I am not allowed to punish the
tyrant here,
to crush the wicked one with
a more barbaric example
so that he may fall dead
to cause his ruin, I will take up the fatal
arrow
and, raging and cruel, in hell
I will take my vengeance.

Chacun à son gout

Setzen Sie sich. Nun so setzen Sie sich
doch!

Trinken Sie!

Hören Sie mich an! Ich muß sie vor allen

Dingen mit meinen nationalen
Eigentümlichkeiten bekannt machen.

Ich lade gern mir Gäste ein;
man lebt bei mir recht fein.

Man unterhält sich wie man mag,
oft bis zum hellen Tag.
Zwar längweil ich mich stets dabei
was man auch treibt und spricht;
indess was mir als Wirt steht frei,

duld' ich bei Gästen nicht.

Und sehe ich es ennüiert
sich jemand hier bei mir,
so pack ich ihn ganz ungeniert

werf ihn hinaus zur Tür.

Und fragen Sei, ich bitte,
warum ich das denn tu,
s'ist mal bei mir so Sitte
chacun à son gout.

Be seated. I said, be seated!

Drink!

Now listen to what I say. In front of
everyone,

I have to make my
national peculiarities known.

I love to invite guests into my home,
one feels quite comfortable here with
me

one amuses oneself, as one will,
often to the light of day
Although I am always bored,
no matter what one does or says;
however, what for me as host is my
privilege,
I will not tolerate from my guests!

and if I see that someone finds it
boring in my home
then, shamelessly, I grab him by the
collar
and throw him out the door.

Go ahead, I beg you,
why would I do such a thing?
It is my custom:
Each to his own taste!

Wenn ich mit adern sitz' beim Wein
und Flasch' um Flasche leer
mus jeder mit mir durstig sein,
sonst werde grob ich sehr.
Und schenke Glas um Glas ich ein,
duld' ich nicht Widerspruch;
nicht leiden kann ich's wenn sie schrein:
ich will nicht hab' genug!

Wer mir beim Trinken
nicht pariert,
sich zieret wie ein Tropf
dem verfe ich ganz ungeniert
die Flashe an den Kopf.

When I sit down with others for a glass
of wine
and empty bottle after bottle,
everyone must remain thirsty as I
otherwise I am likely to get very rough.
When I start pouring glass after glass,
I do not tolerate any resistance;
I can't stand it when someone cries:
I don't want to; I've had enough!

When drinking with me, anyone who
does not do what they are told,
or needs to be coaxed like some twit,
without hesitation I'll break
a bottle on his head.

Chansons de Bilitis

La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m'a donné une syrinx faite
de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le
miel

Il m'apprend à jouer assise sur ses
genoux
mais je suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue après moi si doucement
que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,

et tour à tour nos bouches
s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard
voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais
que je suis restée si long temps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

For Hyacinthus' day,
he has given me a set of pipes made
from reeds carefully cut,
joined with the white wax
which is sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, seated on his
lap;
but I am a little shaky.
He plays it after me, so softly
that I can scarcely hear it.

We have nothing to say to each other,
so close are we to one another;
but our songs want to answer each
other,
and turn by turn our mouths
are joined on the flute.

It is late;
we hear the song of the green frogs
which begins at night.
My mother will never believe
that I have stayed so long
looking for my lost sash.

La Chevelure

Il m'a dit: "Cette nuit j'ai rêvé.

J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.

J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier
noir

autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

Je les caressais et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure la bouche sur la
bouche,

ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont
souvent qu'une racine

Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même,
ou que tu entrais en moi comme mon
songe.

Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes
épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

He has said to me: "Last night I
dreamed.

I had your hair around my neck,
I had your hair like a black necklace

around the nape of my neck and over
my chest,

I caressed them and they were mine;
and we were bound forever thus
by the same hair, mouth on mouth ,

just as two laurels often
share one root.

And little by little it seemed to me,
so entwined were our limbs,
that I was becoming you,
or that you were entering into me like
my dream."

When he had finished,
he placed gently his hands on my
shoulders,
and he gazed at me with a look so
tender,
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le Tombeau des Naïades

Le long du bois couvert de givre je
marchais;
mes cheveux devant ma bouche
se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
et mes sandales étaient lourdes
de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: "Que cherches-tu?"

Je suis la trace du satyre,
ses petits las fourchus alternent
comme des trous dans un manteau
blanc.

Il me dit: "Les satyres sont morts.
Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.

Depui trente ans, il n'a pas
fait un hiver aussi terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.

Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau."

Et avec le fer de sa houe il cassa la
glace
de la source où jadis riaient les naïades.

Il prenait des grands morceaux froids,
et les soulevait vers le ciel pâle,
il regardait au travers.

I walked though the wood covered with
frost;
my hair, in front of my mouth
blossomed with tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy
with muddy, packed snow.

He asked me: "What are you looking
for?"

I am following the tracks of the satyr.
His little cloven hoof prints alternate
like holes in a white coat.

He said to me: "The satyrs are dead.
The satyrs are dead and the nymphs
too.

For thirty years, there has not
been a winter so terrible.
The tracks that you see is that of a
goat.

But let us remain here, where their
tomb is"

And with the iron of his hoe he broke
the ice
of the spring where once laughed the
water-nymphes.

He picked up some large cold pieces,
and lifting them up to the pale sky,
he gazed through them.